

# Good Morning

\$75

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch.  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

# BORN THIEF FOUND ETERNAL BOUNTY

Ronald Richards tells a story of Divine Inspiration

ONE hundred and eight years ago, George Muller, an earnest young preacher of the Gospel, when thirty years of age, established an Orphan House in Bristol, with the definite object of affording visible proof of the fact—to quote his own words—"that our God and Father is the same faithful God that ever He was; as willing as ever to PROVE Himself to be the LIVING GOD in our day as formerly to all who put their trust in Him."

George Muller was born at Kroppenstaedt, Prussia, on September 27th, 1805, of highly respected parents, and at ten years of age was sent to the Cathedral Classical School preparatory to entering the University.

But his behaviour gave no promise of godly, self-denying life.

FROM early childhood he manifested a propensity for thieving; at sixteen he was imprisoned for theft; and in those early days, though preparing to become a clergyman, he lived an utterly profligate and godless life.

At twenty, when at the University of Halle, he accompanied a fellow student to the home of a Christian tradesman, and as the result of hearing the Scriptures and a sermon read by this worthy man, Muller turned to God.

His conversion was very real, but the beginnings of his Christian life were marred with backsliding, though he enjoyed times of uplifting and blessing.

At length he discovered the secret of his failures to be his neglect of the reading and study of the Scriptures.

Concerning this, he writes in his "Journal": "I practically preferred, for the first four years of my divine life, the works of uninspired men to the oracles of the living God. The consequence was that I remained a babe both in knowledge and grace. In knowledge, I say; for all true knowledge must be derived, by the Spirit, from the Word..."

He came to England at the age of twenty-three, and after about three years of Christian service in Devonshire, settled in Bristol. In October, 1830, he had married a wife who was absolutely like-minded in the purpose of living for God.

Declining a regular salary, he took the path of entire dependence upon God for the supply of his temporal needs.

Later he founded the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," with the purpose of assisting schools in which instruction should be given upon Scriptural prin-

ciples, the teachers being believers and "godly persons."

The reasons which led Muller to establish an Orphan House are given in his "Journal"; they may perhaps be summarised thus:—

"I judged myself bound to be the servant of the Church of Christ in the particular point on which I had obtained mercy, namely, IN BEING ABLE TO TAKE GOD AT HIS WORD AND TO RELY UPON IT. . . . There needed to be something which could be seen even by the natural eye."

"Now, if I, a poor man, simply by prayer and faith, obtained, without asking any individual, the means for establishing and carrying on an Orphan House, there would be something which, with the Lord's blessing, might be instrumental in strengthening the faith of the children of God, besides being a testimony to the consciences of the unconverted of the reality of the things of God."

"This, then, was the primary reason for establishing the Orphan House. I certainly did from my heart desire to be used by God to benefit the bodies of poor children bereaved of both parents, and to seek in other respects with the help of God to do them good for this life."

"After weeks of prayer and earnest self-examination, Muller, reading Psalm lxxxi, was impressed with the words, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it,' as a special message of God to him concerning his project."

That was on December 5th, 1835, and immediately he began to pray definitely for a suitable house, for furniture, etc., also for suitable helpers

to care for the children, and for money to carry on the work.

On December 7th, 1835, he received the first shilling for the orphan work, the anonymous donor writing: "In the name of the Lord alone lift up your banners, so shall you prosper."

Later that day he received a second shilling, from a German. On December 9th he received 3s. and 10s. and a large wardrobe; also a sister offered herself for the work.

Other gifts of furniture, crockery, cutlery and money came in, and on December 18th £100 was received from a needlewoman who had recently received a legacy. Thus by larger and smaller gifts things were being prepared for the Orphan House; but George Muller was still much cast down, for not one application had been received for the admission of orphans.

Realising that he had taken that matter for granted and had never prayed about it, he was "led to lie low before the Lord that whole evening," examining his motives and earnestly praying.

The next day, February 4th, the first application was made, and others quickly followed.

The house in which Muller had been living, No. 6 Wilson Street, was secured for a year, being considered very suitable "on account of its cheapness and largeness." This was furnished for thirty girls from seven to twelve years of age, and on April 21st, 1836, the institution was opened by a day being set apart for prayer and thanksgiving.

There were twenty-six children in the Home, and a few more were expected daily.

Particulars of gifts that day are peculiarly interesting—the "Journal" briefly records: "April 21, £2, 2s., 1s., 6d., 6d., 6s., 2s., also two candlesticks, a pepper box, and a handkerchief."

Mr. Muller had been suffering in health for some months. During these early months of the orphan work, and during Mr. Muller's sickness, things fared badly at the Home.

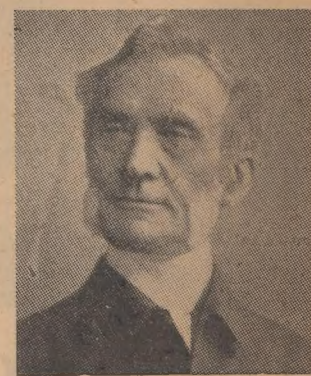
The funds were reduced to about £20; the "Journal" says: "The trial deepens: I have not one penny in hand for the orphans. In a day or two many pounds will be needed. My eyes are up to the Lord." Before this day was over he had received from a sister £5.

On August 20th he was again penniless, but still his "eyes are up to the Lord"; £12 came as an answer. "August 23rd. To-day I was again without a single penny, when £3 was sent from Clapham, with a box of new clothes for the orphans. . . . September 5th. Our hour of trial continues still. The Lord mercifully has given enough to supply our daily necessities; but He gives by the day now, and almost by the hour as we need it."

Enough for breakfast, but nothing in hand for dinner—or enough for tea and nothing in hand for breakfast—this was the almost usual experience over long stretches of time—yet help always came! Never once in the hundred years' history of this work have the orphans ever gone without a meal!

The "Journal" goes on: "The longer I go on in this service, the greater the trials of one kind or another become; but, at the same time, the happier I am in this my service, and the more assured that I am engaged as the Lord would have me to be."

Before the date of that last



George Muller

entry Mr. Muller had felt constrained to consider the need of moving from Wilson Street and of building a large Orphan House away from the city. In answer to long-continued prayer, funds were received towards the great expense of building, and gifts varying from a farthing to over £2,000 were included in the items that made up the £15,784 sent in.

New Orphan House, No. 1 Ashley Down, was duly built, with accommodation for 140 orphan girls and 80 orphan boys above seven years of age, and 80 boys and girls from earliest days up to seven years.

When all expenses, including furnishing, etc., had been met, a balance of £776 14s. 3½d. remained in hand!

In 1875, at the age of seventy, Mr. Muller began a series of extensive preaching tours, and during the next seventeen years he travelled throughout the world with his devoted wife, preaching the Gospel and proclaiming the sufficiency of the Word of God and the faithfulness of the living God; but only when specially requested did he speak about the work of the Orphan Houses.

Muller was engaged in his work at the Homes until the evening of March 9th.

The next morning, when his attendant went to his room with a cup of tea, he was dead. Great was the sorrow at the Homes, and great the sensation throughout Bristol, where Mr. Muller was respected and loved.

Then came the natural questions, "What about the orphans? Will the work go on?" The answer was, Yes.

The history of the Homes for the thirty-eight years since the founder's death is largely a repetition of the previous years.

New circumstances have presented new problems, but all have been overcome, and to-day, when hundreds of Muller's orphan boys and girls have made names in the world, can anyone think over the hundred years' history of the Homes and yet dare to say that the fact that "God is the diligent Rewarder of them that seek Him" has not been demonstrated beyond challenge?

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## Promenade Picture for A.B. Arthur

Jefferies

BLACKPOOL at the height of the season...phew—how some people do have to rush around, and your family are no exception. Able - Seaman (Radar) Arthur Jefferies.

First of all we called on your sister and brother-in-law, May and Leve, at 218, North Promenade, Blackpool. Lunch was just over and the guests were trickling out of the house for the afternoon stroll.

"Just come and have a look at this pile of dishes," said May. We did...and then made a speedy retreat from the kitchen. Leve was with us only for a few minutes as he had to get back to the Post Office. He sends you the very best, Arthur.

May then took us over to your mother's place at 19, Bank-street, North Promenade, and, here, too we found Edna and your mother hard at the catering. But the whole family are keeping very fit and do seem to be thriving on the hard work they are putting in, though they could do with your being around occasionally, Arthur, to roll up your sleeves now and again. Remember the old days?

We did not see your two other sisters, Ada and Gladys, but we were told everything is O.K. with them.

Geoff is keeping his end up in the Navy, and Jim—remember him, Arthur?—popped in to see the family the other day. Gerwyn is out in the blue somewhere, but May expects him home soon.

Quite a number of the lads from Monmouthshire are making a point of visiting your mother and sisters when they are in Blackpool, and we'll bet your name is mentioned a few times.

Yes, Arthur, your sisters think a lot about you. Says May, "Arthur always wanted to be here, there and everywhere! I hope he's realising his ambition." Edna chipped in with, "We all know him as a lad who loves action. In fact, I used to call him crazy, but we do want to see him home again."

Your mother had a letter from Elsie and baby Marlene only the day before we called and everything is fine down in Gloucestershire, Arthur.

And to finish our home news with a word from your mother. "Tell Arthur to take good care of himself, please, and wish him God speed from us all."

Best of luck and Good Hunting.

## Home is Posting Office, E.A. Robert CAIRNS

THERE is little to add to the news we gave you in "Good Morning," 293, E. A. Robert Cairns, but when we called at 20, East Cottages, Granton, Edinburgh, recently, your mother assured us that everyone was fit and well.

Colin, the champ, is four now, and busy helping the painter. That's good from your mother's point of view, because she gets a few minutes' peace that way. As you know, your wife goes down to East Cottages every week-end, and they never fail to discuss the big reunion

they are all looking forward to so much.

Quite a number of your pals still write to your mother from all parts of the world. In fact, your home is something of a central posting office!

Your mother reads all the letters, sifts the news and circulates it to you and your circle of friends. Jimmy Reilly is the most regular writer, your mother says.

The message ends with fondest love from all the family and a request for a few more letters.







## The good but odd Companions

By Fred Kitchen

THE wood-drive, near the keeper's lodge, is quite a busy thoroughfare at this time of year, when the beech and chestnut are dropping their fruit and attracting numerous little foresters to share in the spoils.

Rabbits in plenty and lordly cock pheasants—along with their more sober—coloured dames—run swiftly across the open drive to search among the beech-mast for the tasty nuts.

But there's no permanency amongst these creatures, and any time now the game wagon will be coming down the drive, picking them up as they come crashing down before the guns.

The only permanent residents, and the most interesting, are the little red squirrels which live in the tree-tops by the keeper's lodge.

Mostly they are timid animals and hastily leave their nutting for the tree-tops on the least alarm.

But there's one squirrel—probably the patriarch of the family—who watches the keeper passing with a bold and inquisitive eye, and merely pauses over his nut-cracking until he is at a safe distance.

He seems inclined to be friendly with all the keeper's family, and will sit on a low-down branch with his tail curled up to his ears, watching with interest all that is going on in the lodge premises.

He seems to have half a mind to become better acquainted, but isn't quite certain whether a squirrel wouldn't be lowering himself by becoming intimate with such earth-bound dwellers.

So he sits and watches, and seems mightily pleased if the youngsters call up to him.

Of late, he has been busy amongst the beech-mast, farther along the drive, and only the keeper himself knew his exact whereabouts.

Several times he passed by without taking much notice of the family friend, and then one day he found out why the squirrel had forsaken his old companions.

Seated side by side on a protruding tree-root were the

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

"Tristram Shandy."

Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

Emerson.  
(1657-1711).

squirrel and a tiny, reddish-brown wood mouse.

There's no accounting for the strange friendships that arise between animals of differing kinds, but probably both these had lost their respective partners and had been drawn to each other by their own loneliness.

It was a strange partnership, but that they were attached to each other was quite evident, as on several occasions they were seen sitting or feeding together, looking like two solitary travellers lost in a dense forest.

Then, one morning, the remains of a dead mouse were seen alongside the wood drive.

Next day, there was no doubt about it being the squirrel's strange little friend who had met his death amongst the beech-mast, for the squirrel was back in its old place.

He still seems half inclined to become better acquainted, but, having just lost one ground-dwelling friend, he springs a branch higher on being approached on the subject.

[The picture shows the gigantic tusks of the Common Grey Squirrel, normally concealed by the lower lip. They are of stiletto-sharpness, and account for the vast amount of damage the creature does to trees and animal life.]

## Derek Richards' Photo-Feature There's a Picture in a Brick Wall

HOW many times have you been cornered into gazing through the snapshot album of a proud friend whilst he revels in showing you several score of completely uninteresting prints?

Well, that puts most of you in a position to compare notes when you look through the album of an experienced photographer.

You'll see a great improvement, but not just in the technical quality of the prints, nor in the spectacle of subject, but in the pleasing presentation of even the most straightforward subjects and the interest thus aroused.

The main differences in the two albums can be set down in a few simple rules.

The greatest asset of any picture is its appeal, its human interest. A picture, perfect both pictorially and technically, will be valueless if it holds no interest.

At exhibitions, photos of babies have been seen and admired by thousands of people. There is no personal appeal, yet the pictures hold great attraction merely as attractive pictures. This leaves no excuse at all for the dreary family pictures that only proud parents have and hold. Indeed, there can be very few subjects which, with the right approach, cannot make a pleasing picture.

In a recent exhibition there was a photograph displaying nothing but several square feet of brick wall; not an altogether inspiring picture, but with dramatic lighting and excellent surface texture rendering, a striking and praiseworthy photo resulted.

Remember that a scene of great attraction viewed firsthand may in both senses fall flat when reproduced in two dimensions.

Landscapes frequently come into this category, and the average snapshot album boasts at least one particularly uninteresting view; only by carefully choosing view and viewpoint can you hope to record the scene in its appealing reality.

The viewpoint must be chosen, and, where possible, the subject posed, in such a way

as to give a balanced picture which is easy on the eye.

There are many good books on the market dealing with details of composition, but their methods of teaching mostly bear great resemblance to the works of Euclid, and the reading is rather heavy.

The main points, however, are simple, and though not hard and fast, may be relied upon for general guidance.

Somewhere in your picture is a main point of interest; everything else must be subordinated and complementary to this in such a way as to concentrate the examining eye on to this nucleus.

Thus, portraits and groups will frequently have the background out of focus and of uniform or gently undulating tones. Also, a general leading of lines to the point of interest helps the eye to reach its destination when the picture is first glanced at.

In landscapes and seascapes, avoid splitting the picture in two by means of a harsh, straight skyline. Clouds and trees are generally useful in this respect, but sometimes it is necessary to soften the skyline whilst printing or enlarging.

Similarly, the picture should not be split vertically; and here it is trees that are the chief culprits.

A very common mistake in holiday snaps is the effort to get two pictures on one negative—not by forgetting to wind the film, but by pushing the girl friend into every attractive view you get.

You may decide that a particular view needs a figure to focus the attention, and this is often quite feasible, but keep the theme of the picture in mind.

Do you want a picture of the bridge or of the girl friend? The bridge may provide a good setting for the figure study; alternatively, the figure may help in the bridge scene, but the typical compromise shows a large bridge on which is perched a figure waving a white handkerchief. The interest in the picture is split, and the result is worthless in either respect.

Had the figure been fitted into the composition of the picture, fishing or merely gazing into the river, the theme would have been connected and the disjointed effect would vanish.

Briefly, the golden rules to remember are:—

(1) Be sure your subject is interesting enough to warrant an exposure.

(2) See your picture is balanced and that nothing distracts attention from the main theme.



A study in Sunshine and Shadow

## "Thank you for your letter" . . . .

MORE letters are to-day being written than ever before in history. Yet, in the opinion of experts, the standard of letter-writing is below the standard of 1918. Considering the improvement in the education of the people this may sound surprising, but if the facts of the matter are carefully examined it is not difficult to discover the reason for this fall-off in class.

Before the last war, although they had their entertainments, folk did not find them so varied as to-day; life was not the mad rush with which we are now so familiar. The result was that letter-writing was not hurried. Attention was paid to detail and good writing; things that are to-day so often completely forgotten.

In the past, when good letter-writing was looked upon with something approaching "dignity," those not so proficient in the art often employed people who excelled in writing letters.

During the South African War, Richard Wentworth, as an example, made enough money out of letter-writing for his comrades to return to England

and purchase a large farm in the North when victory had been won.

The writing of love-letters, too, was quite a profitable business before the last war, but eventually girls, when they began to receive letters all written in the same terms from different young men, rightly began to suspect things.

One young Scottish landowner, who won a beautiful Welsh wife as the result of one of these "professional love-letters," rewarded the writer, a poor Cumberland cobbler, with a present of £150.

Unfortunately, this reward went to the cobbler's head in more ways than one, for he drank himself to death on the proceeds of his letter-writing skill!

To-day the habit of most letter-writers is to say as much as possible in the quickest possible time—but not everyone falls into this category.

Conrad Coker, a Guernsey linotype operator, and Clive Webb, a boiler hand, who lives at Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A., have the reputation of being two of the finest and

longest letter-writers in the world to-day. Before the Germans occupied the Channel Islands the two were engaged in a "writing Marathon." With the change in the situation, however, there may well be a resumption of this strange "match."

This contest developed through the gradual lengthening of letters in a friendly correspondence. Before their forced curtailment Conrad Coker reckons he wrote over 1,000 folios and more than a quarter of a million words.

He corresponded with fellows in all parts of the world, getting news and views from them.

Clive Webb's longest letter to the Guernsey man filled no fewer than one hundred sheets of paper. This, you would think, would take some beating, but once Conrad Coker went to work he had soon passed the American's total.

In all, in reply to Webb's 100-page effort, Coker wrote 150 pages. This cost him three writing pads, a 2d. bottle of ink, endless wear and tear on his favourite writing pen, and 1s. 8d. in stamps!

Conrad Coker, who is said to be the longest letter-writer in the world, had many challengers before the war. None could equal him for his skill and the ability to put things down in an easy-to-understand manner but in perfect English.

To-day it is among the men of the Royal Navy that some of the finest letter-writers are to be found. Long periods at sea have given these men—as it did Joseph Conrad—an ability to write. Better would it be to say that the sea, and the life aboard ship, has helped to develop the ability which was always with them.

In the post-war period, especially in business, good letter-writers will be in great demand.

So, lads, when next you write home, take more trouble than usual over your letters. Think before you write; "build" the letter as you would a house.

Perhaps, in the future, you'll find this trouble paying big dividends!

Richard Lyon

## Words . . .

HERE'S a further column of words to sing to the tunes you know. Sheets of music and words are being sent out for distribution.

### BRAZIL.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Lyric by S. K. Russell; Brazilian Samba by Ary Barroso.

Brazil—where hearts were entertaining June,  
We stood beneath an amber moon—  
And softly murmur'd "Some day soon."

We kissed and clung together,  
Then—to-morrow was another day,  
The morning found me miles away,  
With still a million things to say;

Now, when twilight dims the sky above,  
Recalling thrills of our love,  
There's one thing I'm certain of;  
Return, I will, to old Brazil.

### IN MY ARMS.

By courtesy of Southern Music Publishing Co. Written by Frank Loesser and Ted Grouya.

His cousin had sent him a sweater,  
And his sister wrote a letter,  
But he wanted something much better,  
This boy who was sailing away.  
For his buddies were there with their sweethearts,  
All around him with their sweethearts,  
Now, he'd never had any sweethearts,  
And over and over he'd say:

### Chorus:

In my arms, in my arms,  
Ain't I never gonna get a girl in my arms?  
In my arms, in my arms,  
Ain't I never gonna get a bundle of charms?  
Comes the dawn, I'll be gone,  
I just gotta have a honey holdin' me tight,  
You can keep your knittin' and your purlin'  
If I'm gonna go to Berlin,  
Gimme a girl in my arms to-night.

His grandma had sent him some candy,  
And as he chewed on the candy He said, "My morale is just dandy,  
And still there's a tear in my eye."  
For his buddies were there with their sweethearts,  
Kissing bye-bye with their sweethearts,  
Now, he'd never had any sweethearts,  
And over and over he'd cry:

### Chorus couplets:

And I thank you for the many letters you'll write,  
As for something nice and cute and female,  
I'll never get it in the V-mail.

Now, does anybody wanna please treat me right?  
You can keep your shavin' cream and lotion,  
If I'm gonna cross the ocean.

### I'M THINKING TO-NIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and music by A. P. Carter and Don Marcotte.

Ever since she went away,  
I've been thinking night and day,  
Of the time when she'll come back to me.

Oh, I'm thinking to-night of my Blue Eyes,  
Who is dreaming far over the sea,  
Oh, I'm thinking to-night of my Blue Eyes,  
And I wonder if she thinks of me.

Quiet moon up above, shining down on my love,  
Tell her I'd love to hold her tenderly.

Oh, I'm thinking to-night of my Blue Eyes,  
And I wonder if she thinks of me.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether the De Gaulle France Libre stamps have been issued for Martinique, one of the oldest and richest of France's colonies, lying in the Leeward group between Dominica and St. Lucia. The answer is, No. Admiral Robert kept the island under Vichy jurisdiction until recent months, and the Free French never set foot on it.

In 1940, following the collapse of France, it was feared that Britain would take possession of the island, adding it to her Antilles chain. At the same time the State Department of the United States announced its readiness to hold any French or British colonies in the Western world endangered by the Axis powers.

Secretary Hull revealed the presence of five American destroyers off Martinique.

British naval forces had bottled up a French aircraft carrier and a submarine flotilla. From Vichy—unaware of our that a British ultimatum and intervention was

expected at any moment. The American naval experts watched anxiously what they termed "a potential battle situation." Nothing happened, and Martinique went off the front page.

When the Allies occupied Dakar and North Africa, Martinique ceased to be a potential military danger. But the pro-Vichy anti-British High Commissioner, Admiral Georges Robert, kept aloof from the United Nations and continued to send out Vichy propaganda on the Martinique short-wave radio until a strong note from the U.S. State Department put a stop to it. Martinique, under the strong authoritarian rule of Robert and officers of the French Navy, remained in "splendid isolation."

Lafcadio Hearn described the island as "altogether divine... where the warm, thick air is sweet with scents of sugar and cinnamon—with odours of mangoes and custard apples—of guava jelly and fresh coconut milk." But his "many-fountain city, bathed in the light of summer everlasting," was a dead city hidden in a jungle before Hearn himself died in 1904. The great volcanic disaster of 1902, which obliterated St. Pierre, shocked the world.

On May 2 and 3 a heavy eruption of Mont Pelé destroyed extensive sugar plantations north of St. Pierre, and 150 lives were lost. But on May 8 the final calamity came without warning.

St. Pierre was swept by a massive fire. Even the ships in the harbour were destroyed. Ashes and molten lava followed the flames. Dense gases stifled those who had escaped the fire, and put the death roll up to 40,000. The material loss was estimated at £4,000,000.

"St. Pierre was the loveliest city in the West Indies," wrote Alec Waugh, "the loveliest and the gayest, with its fine theatre, its lamplit avenues, its schooners drawn circlewise along the harbour. It was a city of carnival. The real culture of Versailles was transported there

to mingle with the Carib stock and the mysteries of imported Africa."

The world said that Martinique should be evacuated, but France thought otherwise. Economic recovery came

sooner than expected. At the present day it has 650 inhabitants to the square mile, and is one of the most crowded spots in the world.

Stamps were introduced in 1859, first the Eagle type and later the Peace and Commerce and Seated Commerce types. In 1886, to meet currency difficulties, Martinique was issued with stamps of its own. These were the current Seated Commerce type surcharged in black with the new value and overprinted "Martinique" or simply "MQE."

The overprints of 1886 and the postage-due stamps of 1891 overprinted "Timbre-Post" provide more interest for the collector than any subsequent issue. The former were done at a small local printer's in Fort de France with what type was immediately available. Inevitably, many varieties resulted. And much the same may be said of the postage-dues.

Pictorial stamps were first introduced in 1908. All collectors are familiar with the 1933 issue, which depicted the Basse Pointe village, a frontal view of the Government House at Fort de France; and with the pictorial set to mark the West Indies Tercentenary in 1935. But none do justice to this most beautiful, colourful and romantic isle, where, incidentally, Josephine Tascher-Napoleon's Josephine was born on her mother's plantation.



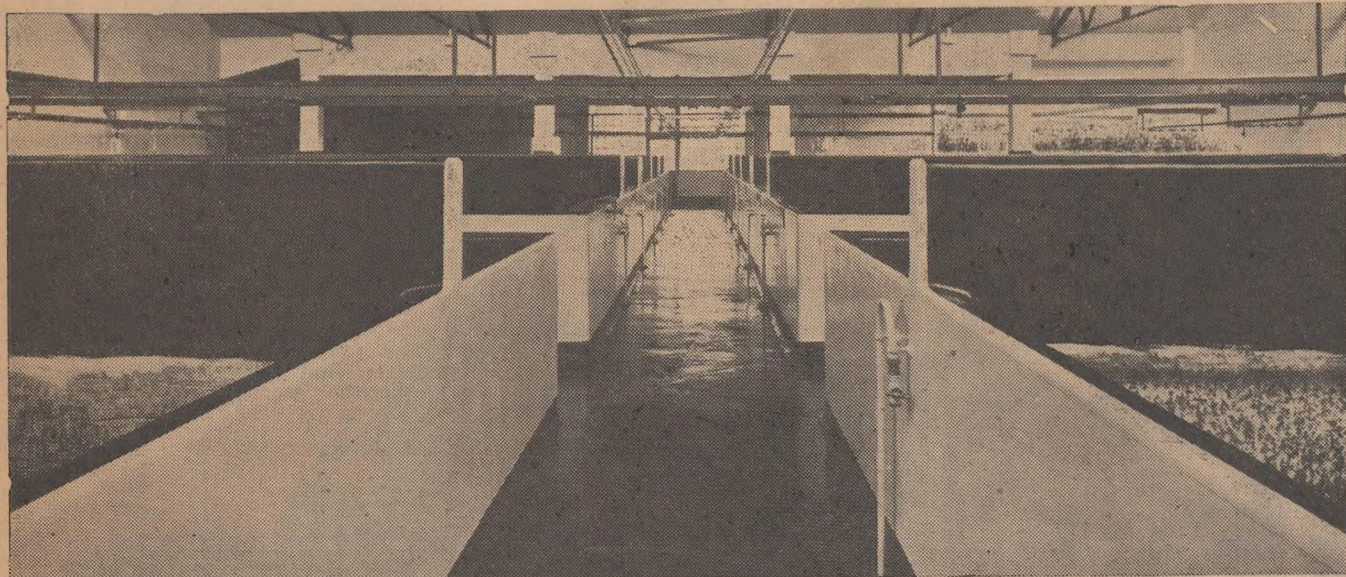


**Good Morning**

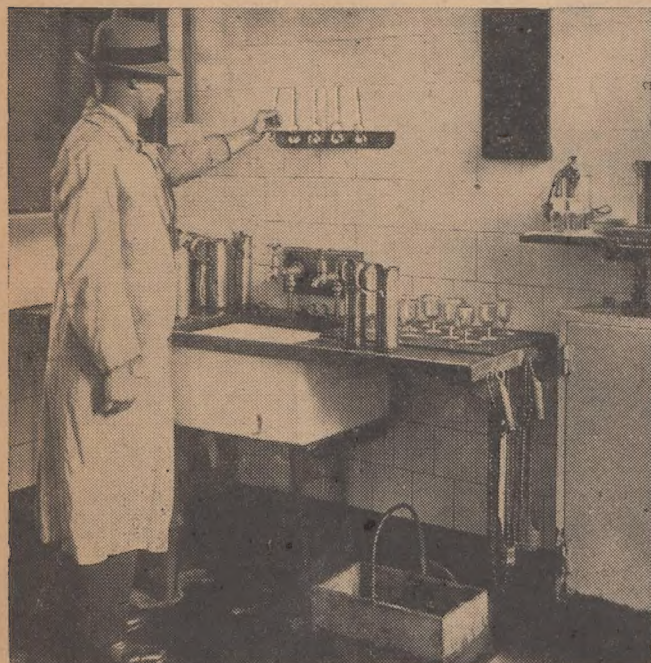
# A TUN OF BEER IS BORN

Photographs by kind permission of William Younger & Co., of Edinburgh.

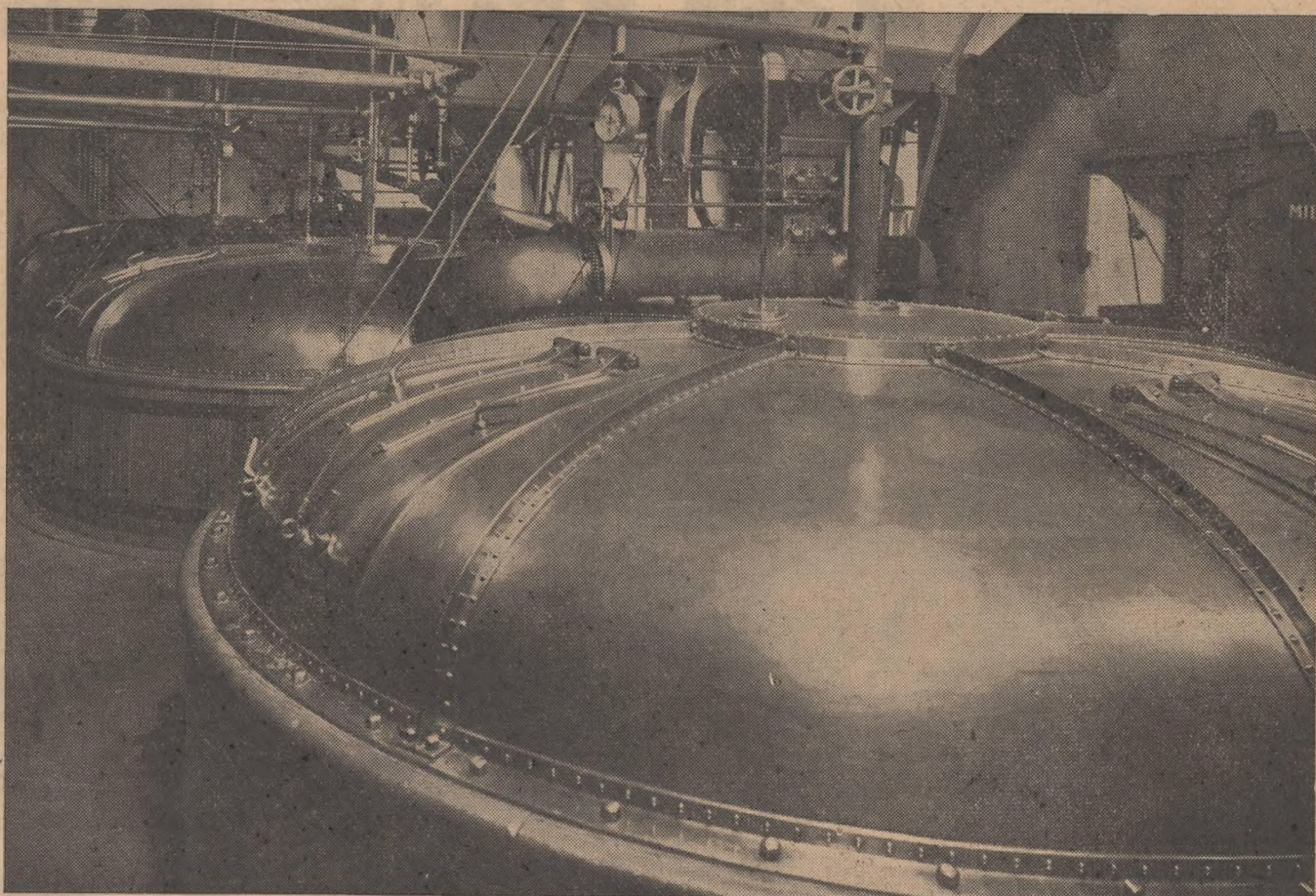
And the Submarine Navy sinks it according to tradition.



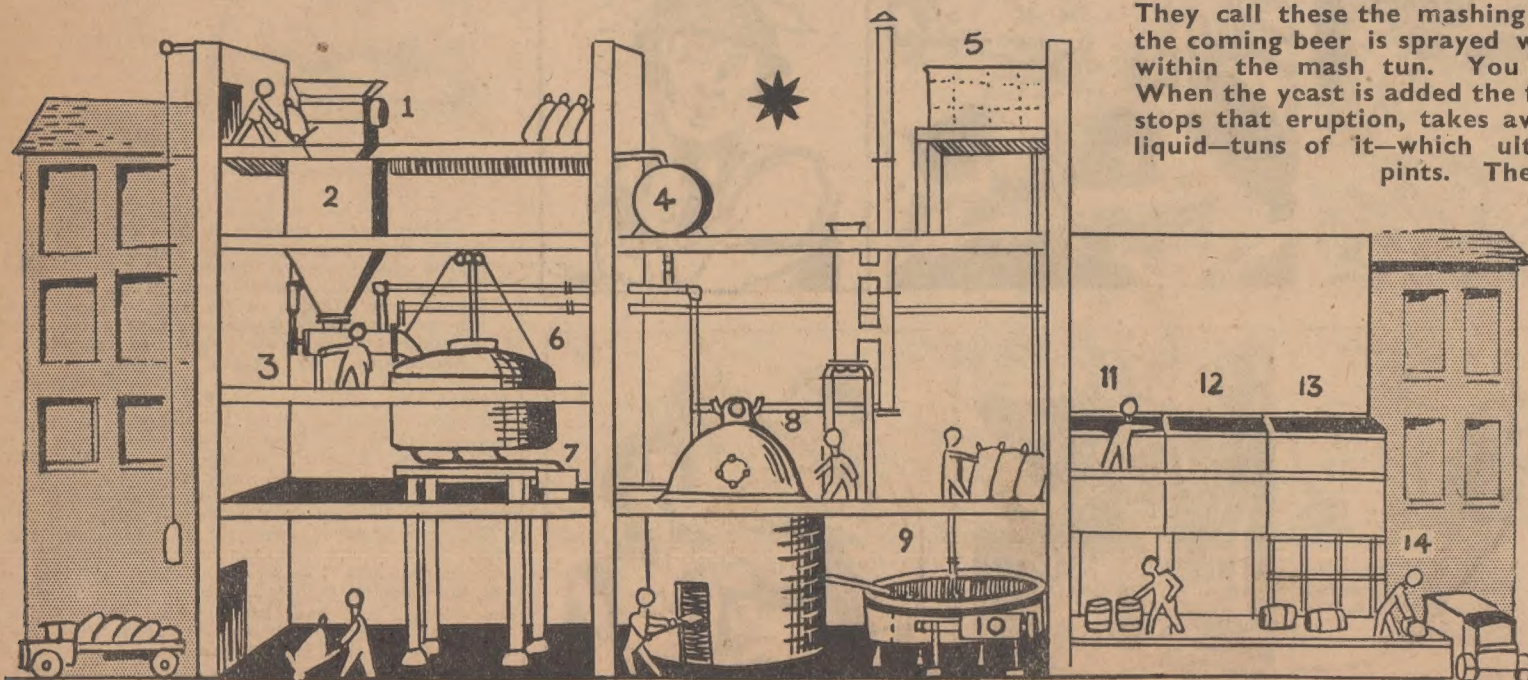
These pictures will whet your thirst for knowledge. Making beer is a job of Nature and Science. First the soaked barley (the best is Scottish) is spread on a stone floor. It begins to grow, for ten days, then is whisked to a malt kiln to dry and get its enzymes liberated. Oh, heck, never mind the technical words. Here is the beginning in the tanks, mixing up its enzymes and its endosperm.



And here is the expert watching the process and correcting John Barleycorn's movements, in the infant stage, so to speak, for there are maltose, dextrans and things to determine, and after that there is a big bathing arrangement ready for the next stage.



They call these the mashing tuns. This is where for two hours the coming beer is sprayed with warm water from a splurge pipe within the mash tun. You can't see the pipe, but it is there. When the yeast is added the fermentation begins; but the brewer stops that eruption, takes away the yeast and thus produces the liquid—tuns of it—which ultimately the barmaid gives you in pints. The rest is up to you!



1. Malt Mill. 2. Hopper.
3. Mashing Machine. 4. Hot Water Tank. 5. Cold Water Tank. 6. Mash Tun. 7. Underback. 8. Copper. 9. Hop Drainer. 10. Paraflow Cooler. 11 and 12. Fermenting Vessels. 13. Settling Vessel. 14. Casks.